parts and falling for the ancient temptation to combat one's opponents on their terms, accept without question the myth of the Renaissance as the dawn of reason, particularly scientific. Duhem, however, as Jaki notes, realized that this myth was more than another historical interpretation, but that it had a "virulent anti-medieval and, by implication, anti-Christian thrust," which could be combated only by stripping it of the intellectual trappings to which it has neither historical nor logical rights.

In our own increasingly scientific age, the intellectual perspective in which science and its history are seen is of the utmost importance. In the final analysis, however, there are only two possible—and mutually exclusive—alternatives: either science is the crown of man's absolute autonomy or it is the crowning gift to man from the Author of his freedom. It is against this dramatic backdrop that Pierre Duhem's vast work—scientific, philosophical, historical—today takes on prophetic dimension.

Golden Moments

George A. Panichas

Creative Chicago: From The Chap-Book to the University, by Henry Regnery, *Evanston, Ill.: Chicago Historical Bookworks, 1993. xix + 200 pp. $25.00.*

This is a beautiful book—visually, conceptually, intellectually—a pleasure to read and to ponder. It poses important questions regarding the city and culture, even as it depicts inevitable tensions affecting life and letters in a megalopolis. As the title itself indicates, the main and immediate concern is with the cultural situation of the city of Chicago, "From *the Chap-Book* to the University." What a reader will notice most in this book is the pervasive tone and ethos that emerge from and mirror authorial sincerity.

Henry Regnery is an independent publisher, a "dissident publisher," to be exact. Neither specialist nor academic, he is a man of thought in search of civilizing values that shape American opinion and character. What he has to say specifically about visionary men and women, and generally about "the creative spirit in a prairie setting," has relevance to our larger concern with human existence. His story is about a particular city in a particular region of the country and covers a particular period, a little over a hundred years, from about 1840 to 1950. In recounting this story he demonstrates enviable ability to remain within the limits of his subject and aims and to present his story with clarity and concision. There is no pretentiousness here, no vague gropings or flights, no impractical claims or pronouncements. Honesty and temperateness are virtues that Regnery honors and that, in turn, honor him and his book.

The interweaving concern of the various "papers" that make up this book, as Regnery employs that generic word, is with the question, Why has Chicago, with all of its pioneering spirit, geographical advantages, and material assets, failed to become a literary center? Or, to rephrase the question, Why has this great city with such great creative energy failed to achieve promise of greatness? Regnery does not make it his job to give hard-and-fast answers to the questions he raises; he does not force judgments on or presume to speak for his reader. Rather he gives his report from Chicago, so to speak, staying close to the historical record, without adornment or illusion. Veracity shapes the focus of his presentation. His report is the result of careful assimilation and concentrated thought.

These papers, composed over a period of time for different occasions and audiences, return to, re-connect with, and re-confirm their author's central concern. It is clear that Regnery, in the context of his own experience of the Chicago scene, has been wrestling with the issues his book examines. This long and taut wrestle has led him to see things with unusual lucidity and sagacity. Here there are no forced critical premises and gestures, no "yes...but" vagaries, no formulaic thesis, antithesis, synthesis. His book generously allows the reader to encounter "creative Chicago" in all of its enigma and with all of its accents, colors, variations, and with all of its excitement and disappointments.

It is the pursuit of excellence that dominates Regnery's attention and gains his respect. He is, of course, always aware of human failure and he knows that failure cannot be easily escaped, that it is a significant and common part of human fate. Again and again, his report from Chicago registers the presence and consequences of failure. But this report ultimately moves away from the shadow of adversity. Regnery's pursuit of excellence in terms of the exemplars and paradigms that illumine the pages of his book is always in steady ascent. On occasion one will hear a sigh of resignation as the author records losses, as when a leading literary magazine like *The Dial*, originally founded in 1880 by Francis F. Browne, leaves Chicago for New York in 1918. This was a magazine that maintained high standards of criticism, encouraged authors, shepherded creativity, and had strong influence on literature. "Browne, obviously," writes Regnery, "was no moral relativist; the difference between good and bad existed and was discoverable."

The transfer of *The Dial* to New York, as Regnery sadly notes, quoting Browne's son, was the result of "'the spirit of the time and the place of his labors—the all-pervading materialism to which intellectual concerns were chiefly clap-trap and high purposes moonshine.'" But neither disappointments nor defeats daunt Regnery. In Francis Browne, Regnery perceives the power of a "saving remnant." As long as Browne's example endures, as long as we have before us his sense of commitment, his perseverance in the face of little recognition and support, his determination to bring culture to the prairies, his editorial leadership and principles, the pursuit of excellence, in Chicago and elsewhere, remains alive.

We need to remember the greatness of what we have lost or not recognized fully. This is Regnery's message to the reader as he relates the accomplishments of Chicago writers, editors, book publishers, educators, and an architect. "Even the most crass among its citizenry," Regnery asserts, "would concede that a great city like Chicago cannot live by trade alone." As such *Creative Chicago* is the story of a heroism intellectual and spiritual in scope and influence, one which soars beyond the demands of the marketplace, of popularity, of quantity and measurement. This is a book of reminders that, with quiet dignity, with strength and courage, prods us to remember past examples of greatness. To remember and to revere these examples elevates the human spirit by bringing it closer to the life of value. The twin act of remembrance and reverence has both individual and communal beneficence as *Creative Chicago* testifies, confirming as it does these apt words of the late Richard M. Weaver, an old friend and ally with whom Regnery early on fought in the frontline of the battle for Western culture: "Cultural life depends on remembrance of acknowledged values, and for this reason any sign of a prejudice against memory is a signal of danger."

More than anything else this book helps us to remember that enormous determination and sacrifice are needed

to shape and sustain cultural life. Regnery thus pays tribute to those creators whose accomplishments enhance the cultural situation. What he has to say about Harriet Monroe, a Chicago woman and "friend of poets" who in 1912 founded *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, which coincided with the "Chicago Renaissance" and survives to this day as one of Chicago's most respected literary institutions, reflects the ethos of *Creative Chicago* as well as its critical impulse. Hence, when Regnery quotes these words from Harriet Monroe's posthumously published autobiography, *A Poet's Life* (1938), they are words that also tell us much about Regnery himself and his own contribution to cultural life in Chicago and in the total American scene: "'It is not enough for us that life is magnificent, and now and then offers golden moments which shake out the soul like a banner in the wind.'" Harriet Monroe's statement could easily serve as an epigraph to *Creative Chicago*. For, in the end, this is a book about "golden moments" in a city's cultural history. Regnery commends these in the reverent spirit of "remember and be glad."

To be sure, Regnery is a realist who distinguishes between vision and fulfillment, who understands the cruel import of T. S. Eliot's warning that "Between the idea and the reality falls the shadow." And shadows do indeed fall upon golden moments, as Henry Blake Fuller (1857-1929), "the first Chicago novelist to win national recognition as a literary figure," was to attest. This "unwilling Chicagoan" resented the fate that condemned him to spend his life in Chicago, and to William Dean Howells's urging that he write another Chicago novel, he tartly replied, "Who wants to read about this repellent town?" For the author of such realistic novels of Chicago as *The Cliff-Dwellers* (1893) and *With the Procession* (1895) the problem in writing about Chicago was perhaps not so much the city itself but rather the limitations of his personality. Regnery's critical comments are even-handed in their discernment, as found in these sentences with which he concludes his discussion of Fuller:

> ...there can be little doubt that he developed a degree of attachment to his native city and pride in the long association of his family with its history. He was a product of Chicago, as the character and specific quality of his work make clear, and with his high literary standards and unfailing critical judgment made his own contribution to its cultural life. At a time when Chicago was best known for its stockyards, it was Henry Fuller, as a young man in his thirties, who astonished the eastern reviewers by the quality of his writing.

The sympathetic and at times touching discussion of Hamlin Garland is equally discerning. Here Regnery judiciously centers on Garland's life and work in order to elucidate not only his achievement but also his Chicago connections as these directly affected his career as a novelist. The section on Garland, one of the early realists of American literature, is designated as "an appreciation" of his short stories and autobiographical "Middle Border" series of narratives. Born in 1860 in LaCrosse, Wisconsin, Garland did not actually settle in Chicago until 1893, attracted as he first was by the prospect of Chicago becoming a great literary and cultural center. But in 1915 a disillusioned Garland moved to New York. "For twenty-three winters," he confessed, "I had endured the harsh winds of Chicago, and fought against its ugliness, now I was free of it." During his Chicago years, we learn, the two new Chicago publishers to whom he had entrusted his *Prairie Songs* (1893), a new edition of *Main-Travelled Roads* (1891), and *Prairie Folk* (1892) foundered, with all the financial and professional consequences that Garland inevitably suffered. But he did his best, as Regnery shows, to build up the aesthetic and literary side of the city's life, most

notably his founding in 1908 of the Cliff Dwellers Club for artists and writers. Garland became its first president, but the high standards he set for its meetings—no alcoholic drinks, no small talk, no business lunches—led to his dismissal. Garland's Chicago experience is still another of that city's golden moments coming to an unhappy end.

No account of the city Chicago can be complete without mention of the University of Chicago, founded in 1892, with William Rainey Harper as its president—a "providential man" who charted the way. (An American Hebraic scholar, he was the author of, among others, *Religion and the Higher Life* [1904], even the title of which, in the present educational climate, would weight heavily against appointment to a college or university presidency.) Regnery's discussion of Robert Maynard Hutchins, a "worthy successor" who served as president of the University of Chicago in the years between 1929 and 1951, is both penetrating and evocative, and there is no doubt that he holds Hutchins in high esteem, as he should. For in Hutchins we have an educational leader who is an educational thinker before being merely a university administrator. That is, Hutchins was allegiant to standards of humane education and sought to use his office and influence "to give American education a degree of organization and purpose...it did not have." The need for "general education" he felt to be a crucial one, so as to avert mediocrity and aimlessness. "If education is rightly understood, it will be understood as the cultivation of the intellect," Hutchins insisted. His books *No Friendly Voice* (1936) and *Higher Learning in America* (1936), as Regnery notes, are still relevant even in this twilight hour of political correctness and the dread afflictions it brings to the realm of American education.

To read Regnery on Hutchins is to be reminded of how deep American education has sunk into what another thoughtful educational thinker, Arthur Bestor, later described as our "educational wastelands." Sadder, still, Regnery's commentary also reminds us that, by any standard of comparison, we do not have today university or college presidents who can even begin to measure up to Hutchins; that our present-day education chiefs are at best managerial technicians who indiscriminately accept and even abet the decadence in higher learning that Russell Kirk has long and courageously diagnosed. The savage demolition of the liberal arts and of anything with Eurocentric roots has now reached epidemic proportions. Undoubtedly, Hutchins's is now a forgotten name, which contemporary educators would be hard pressed to identify, or if they could they would do so with loathing. In his time, in any case, Hutchins's tenure at the University of Chicago marked another golden moment in that city's history. Of very few university presidents in our era will one be able to write, as Regnery writes of Hutchins, these words of tribute:

> For all the turmoil and violent changes occurring during Hutchins' administration of the University of Chicago—the Great Depression, the Second World War and its aftermath—he never lost his faith in the goal of higher education which, as he never tired of pointing out, is "the training of the mind." There was an unmistakable aura of nobility about Robert Maynard Hutchins that is a reflection of the faith he never surrendered in the higher purpose of education.

One of the greatest architectural geniuses in America, Louis Henri Sullivan, is the subject of the final paper in the book and revolves around his compelling book, an account of his life, *The Autobiography of an Idea* (1924). Born in Boston in 1856, he spent most of his life in Chicago, where he died in 1924. Not only as an architect but also as an innovative designer, writer, teacher, and

thinker, he was to have extraordinary influence. He first arrived in Chicago in 1873, just two years after the devastating conflagration of 1871. His heart, he wrote, "was stirred, his courage was tenfolded in this raw city by the Great Lake in the West." With the exception of 1874-1875, which he spent studying at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Paris, he lived and worked in Chicago until his death in 1924. From 1881 until 1895 he was a partner in the firm of Adler and Sullivan, where, to recall, Frank Lloyd Wright spent six years as an apprentice.

Sullivan is closely identified with early skyscraper design, and his collaboration with Dankmar Adler includes, among other landmarks, the Auditorium Building, Chicago, as well as the Guaranty Building, Buffalo, and the Wainwright Building, St. Louis, Missouri. Architecture, he believed, should not only fulfill a social and structural function but also have a civilizing purpose. He rejected mechanical theories of art; imagination, beauty, uplift, aspiration, responsibility comprised, for Sullivan, the principles, indeed, the morality, of his creed as an architect. "Nothing more clearly reflects the status and tendencies of a people than its buildings," he asserted. "They are the emanation of a people; they visualize for us the soul of our people." There is clearly a Wordsworthian element in Sullivan's thinking, as Regnery reminds us when he observes that Sullivan's genuis and concept "fulfilled his definition of architecture as Art that would...uplift the eyes of the world."

The pages on Sullivan are the most impressive in *Creative Chicago*. Sullivan's attainment crystallizes those "golden moments" when creativity and civilization meet and merge in the highest way, when man, in Sullivan's words, does things "in the beneficence of power." "This belief in man's power and his responsibility to use it 'beneficently'... became central to the development of Louis Sullivan's thought and is the subject of his book," Regnery observes. His autobiography ends in fact with the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, with which Sullivan's own career largely ended. Indeed, after 1900, his only commissions were eight banks in small, Midwestern towns. Sullivan lived his last years in loneliness, poverty, alienation. By 1920 he had no office and had to live in a single room in a seedy Chicago hotel, dependent on his friends' generosity.

For Sullivan the 1893 Columbian Exposition was a bitter disappointment; his own contribution, the Transportation Building, was painted in various colors, setting it apart from the all-white buildings in a classical style, as a kind of conscious protest. He saw the Exposition not as a "symbol" of Chicago's "basic significance as offspring of the prairie, the lake, and the portage," but rather as the triumph of spirit of "hustle": "Make it big, make it stunning, knock 'em down." In Chicago's World's Fair he had witnessed precisely the rise of what E. M. Forster, in his novel *Howards End* (1910), later called "the architecture of hurry." Indeed, in the collapse of Sullivan's career we see how golden moments give way to goblins, as Forster describes them, "walking quietly over the universe from end to end. Panic and emptiness!"

Regnery's description of Sullivan's last years conveys that sense of panic and emptiness that announces both the shattering of a brilliant career and the halting of cultural advancement. Though Regnery avoids abstract speculation and answers to equally abstract questions, his book induces a reader to reflect on the larger questions connected with the state of culture and of the conditions and circumstances that affect it. For no less than a creative Chicago, a creative civilization has its problematic side and experiences mysterious regressions that have a long-term impact. Golden moments, as Regnery shows, are fleeting, but their

interludes are luminous as the human spirit leaps ahead and emboldens men and women to resist chaos and darkness. Regnery chooses here to accent the splendor and heroism that mold human greatness. He refuses to accede to, even as he fully understands, the view of a Theodore Dreiser, about whose Chicago experiences he has some very thoughtful things to say, that Chicago, far from being an archetypal city, was simply "a good place to make money."

Creative Chicago attests to the truth of William Blake's belief that "All deities reside in the human breast." Justifiably, then, Regnery leaves it to Louis Henri Sullivan to express with courage of faith that which affirms and celebrates human possibility:

> One life is surely enough if lived and fulfilled: That we have yet to learn the true significance of man; to realize the destruction we have wrought; to come to a consciousness of our moral instability; for man is godlike enough did he but know it—did he but choose, did he but remove his wrappings and blinders, and say good-bye to his superstitions and fears.

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